

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,"
"CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE," &c.

NUMBER 515.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1841.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

A FEW WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

ANTWERP TO SPA.

In the autumn of 1838, when I turned my face homewards at Heidelberg, on the pleasant banks of the Neckar, I consoled myself with the reflection, that at another opportunity I might possibly pursue my tour farther up the Rhine, even to the sources of its waters in Switzerland; and this year I found the means of fulfilling my desire. Once more, then, in the months of August and September, and with a delightful stretch of serene and cloudless weather, I spent a few more weeks from home, and now have the little story of my travels to tell to all the good folk who are willing to listen.

Formerly, I had sailed up the Maas from Rotterdam. This time, for the sake of variety, I adopted a route by the Scheldt—across the best part of Belgium to Namur, down the Meuse to Liege, thence to Spa, by the valley of the Vesdre, and onwards to the Rhine at Cologne; after which I proceeded to the upper country, partly by water, taking Baden-Baden, and some other places of interest, in my course. Not to detain the reader unnecessarily, I will occupy as little space as possible with these preliminary parts of my excursion.

In about eighteen hours from London bridge, on a beautiful morning in August, our steamer was declared to be entering the mouth of the Scheldt, a river about the size of the Thames, and bounded on each side by the low grounds of the Netherlands, whose aspect was already familiar to me. "What a beautiful and yet how misused a river!" is the sentiment of every reflecting person who is borne on its bosom. Goldsmith speaks of it as the "lazy Scheldt," and to the term lazy we may now add that of "idle;" but it is a forced idleness. By a political arrangement, the river is in effect shut by the Dutch against commerce, and the Belgians must seek other channels for their trade. While lamenting so scandalous an interference with a great natural advantage, we pass, on our left, Flushing, and one or two other places—among the number, the district or island of Walcheren, so fatal to the English army in 1809. We afterwards perform various turnings in the river for a distance of about sixty miles,* till brought to a stand at the quay of Antwerp, where the appearance of every thing around, including the ungracious demand for passports from a gentleman in a mustache, with a sword dangling from his pocket-hole, assures us we are in a foreign country. In three minutes, we are landed amidst the vociferations of fifty porters and "commissioners"—a sort of jackalls sent out by hotels—to hear no more of our own tongue, worth speaking of, for a couple of months to come. The sight of the old Spanish houses of Antwerp revived a thousand recollections; and half a day was spent by us, with no small gratification, in visiting those famous pictures of Rubens, for which the principal churches in the town are celebrated. There it hung, just as I had seen it three years ago, and as it had hung (with the exception of one short interval) for centuries before—the "Descent from the Cross"—clear, cold, motionless, and dimly lighted by the lingering beams of an evening sun. Six generations have looked on that picture, and many more may be permitted to ponder over its beauties, before a work equal to it in all respects shall have been produced.

After passing a night in Antwerp, we proceeded in the morning by a railway train to Brussels, our track

lying through one of the richest agricultural districts of the Netherlands, and abounding on all sides with marks of careful and prosperous industry. Having already offered a sketch of the Belgian capital, I need say little of it here. The town appeared to me in some respects improved; among other things worth commending, I observed that side pavement was becoming more common, and that the streets were therefore a little more endurable to strangers than was the case formerly. It was the dull season for town life, yet there seemed a fair share of fashionable gaiety. I could not but admire the neatness of the attire of both sexes, and the decorous behaviour of all classes of the people on Sunday. It is the custom here, as elsewhere in Roman Catholic countries, to rise very early on Sunday morning, in order to attend church, so that by eleven o'clock (the time we open church in England) they have already spent seven hours in the public offices of religion. The hours which follow they seem to look upon as a kind of separate day; at all events, the afternoon and evening are employed for the most part in out-of-door or private recreations. On the Sunday which occurred during my stay, the weather was very beautiful, and consequently the Park was crowded with visitors. At one o'clock, the military band began as usual to play, and to draw an immense company around. Rows of chairs being previously arranged beneath the lofty trees, here might be seen congregated persons of every grade of society, to the number of several thousands, all listening with silent attention to the music, while crowds equally great were pouring towards a public edifice, the Palais des Beaux Arts, near the main square, in which was exhibiting a splendid collection of objects of art, the work of Belgian manufacturers and artisans. I had gone over the exhibition the day preceding, and now only attended to note the appearance of the company. First, let me say something of the exhibition, which was entitled "L'Exposition des Produits de l'Industrie de la Belge," and did infinite credit to the nation.

Let the reader conceive the idea of a very magnificent house, painted white outside like all other edifices in Brussels, of two storeys in height, and lining three sides of an open court laid out as a shrubbery and flower-garden. Advancing between temporary palings, we see on each hand specimens of large iron work, such as steam-engine boilers, cables, and anchors. Entering the vestibule, we follow a path through a series of saloons on the ground floor, all filled with objects of great interest and beauty of execution. One saloon is filled with new-made steam-engines and locomotives, engineering tools, spinning-machines, and printing-presses, the workmanship of which appeared to be equal to anything of the kind in England. Next we have a saloon occupied with pianofortes, cabinets, and other articles, formed of walnut or other fine woods, and inlaid with ivory or mother-of-pearl; we observe here, also, some elegant gentlemen's coaches and gigs, with harness to match. Another saloon contains a most extraordinary variety of leather (a manufacture in which we are greatly excelled by the Belgians), painted floor-cloths, hair-cloths, furs, perfumery, and privings. In ascending the grand staircase, we find the landing-places occupied with iron safes, stoves, fire-grates for drawing-rooms, all unexceptionable and of first-rate finish. Landing on the upper floor, we walk from room to room, lost in the contemplation of the numerous products of Belgian industry—lace, linen, woollen, cotton, and silk goods, threads, cutlery, crystal, paper, fire-arms, musical instruments, philosophical apparatus, in short, every thing that a luxurious people can require. I spent an hour in the closest examination of some of

these articles, for I felt assured that, as regards excellence of quality, England had here certainly met her match. The different parcels of cloth and flannels, the manufacture of François Biolley and Sons at Verviers, and of M. Snoeck at Herve, would not have discredited the cloth-halls of Leeds; while the damasks of Fretigny and Company at Ghent, and Dujardin at Courtrai, gave indication that in this species of fabric the Low Countries maintained their ancient reputation. The threads and laces of Brussels were exhibited in extensive variety. Altogether, the Exposition afforded a decided proof of the prodigious advance made in the useful arts in Belgium of late years; and I believe nothing remains to be done but to find a market for her goods. That, it appears, is no easy matter, partly in consequence of the little influence which the country has abroad, but chiefly from the preference given in most places to English goods. To put the question of price in some measure to the test, I bought a few articles of cutlery, and found that, though well executed, they cost rather more than they were worth in England. From all I saw and heard, my impression is, that nearly all factory goods can still be produced cheaper, and on a greater scale, in England than in Belgium; but that Belgium can now manufacture most articles of as good quality, and only stands in need of due encouragement to be in every respect a most formidable competitor. As regards articles prepared by the exercise of individual taste and skill, we are already far behind Belgium. I have never, for instance, seen in England any work to compare in point of elegance of design and execution with that displayed on the pianofortes and cabinets at this Exposition. I remarked one pianoforte, in particular, marked 800 francs (L.32), a sum which would not have paid for the mere workmanship of the case in England, where a L.32 piano is in appearance little else than a plain veneered box.

As to the benefits supposed to be derived, in a national sense, from such an exhibition of manufactures as that above alluded to, I am unable to pronounce a confident opinion; but am inclined to think, that the arts are so far advanced in the Netherlands, as to require no species of fostering by honorary distinction, and may be safely left to themselves.* At the same time, as respects a means of rational public amusement and instruction, I consider the Exposition as worthy of all praise. During certain days of the week, it was open at a small charge (a quarter of a franc, or 2½d.) for each person, the proceeds going to a public charity, but on Sundays all were admitted gratis. Of the effects of this or other means provided for public recreation in the after part of Sunday in Belgium, I cannot speak from positive knowledge; but on the whole, the plan seemed to me better, socially speaking, than that which is pursued in our own country, where law and custom provide no other means of recreation than what are to be obtained in the public-house. Throughout the whole of the day and evening, I saw not in Brussels the slightest instance of indecorum or intemperance, and I leave any one to judge if as much could be said of the streets of Edinburgh, or other large towns in Britain.

Pursuing our way from Brussels, our route lay in a southerly direction, at eleven miles' distance intersecting the field of Waterloo, which therefore formed a point of interest on the road. The country, on leaving Brussels, begins to ascend into swelling low hills, and to partake of the character of

* To account for the term *ser*, occasionally used in these sketches, let it be understood that the writer was accompanied by two ladies—his wife and sister.

* The Exposition was under the patronage and direction of the government, who distributed 28 medals of gold, 36 of silver gilt, 96 of silver, 113 of bronze, first class, and 74 bronze, second class; also made honourable mention of 96 exhibitors. The articles are to be disposed of by lottery, for behoof of their proprietors.

rather bleakish upland, here and there darkened with patches of trees, and exhibiting more than usually shabby villages. At two or three miles from Brussels, we pass the forest of Soignes, a tract of tall fir-trees, with no feature of liveliness to cheer its gloom; and at nine miles we reach the village of Waterloo, easily distinguishable by its neat brick church, the only good edifice in the place. We are still, however, two miles from "the field," and nothing can be more certain than that the village was not in the least entitled to impart its name to the battle. Passing along, we reach, at the distance of a mile, the village of Mont St Jean, a congregation of dwellings much superior to Waterloo; at a mile beyond, we attain the head of a slight ascent, where stands the hamlet of La Belle Alliance, and which marks the commencement of the battle-field. Here the main road, which perseveres in a straight line down the shallow but wide hollow towards the extremity of the horizon at Genappe, is cut across by an inferior country road; and it was along this ridge, in the line of the cross path, that the English army was posted. The French lay on the opposite rising ground on the south, and the heat of the battle may be said to have been in the shallow vale at the farm-house of La Haye Sainte and Hougoumont. Several monuments, commemorative of distinguished officers, now occupy points on the brow of the ridge by the road-side; but the tree called the Wellington tree, once a prominent object, is gone. Proceeding for about a hundred yards to the right, along the cross road, we reach the base of a huge mound of earth, which, with inconsiderate bad taste, has been erected as a perpetual memorial of victory. It is a conical tumulus, two hundred feet in height, surmounted by the figure of a lion, cast by Cockerill of Seraing, from the metal of cannon captured in the engagement. A long flight of steps aids the ascent, and from the summit we are offered a complete panoramic view of the whole field and many miles of country beyond. At the period of my visit, the fields around had been for the most part cleared of their grain, and now lay in stubble, or were in the process of tillage for a new crop. As regards merely physical features, therefore, there was nothing to please the eye in the prospect; a person who attended as guide mentioned that the fields still bore much heavier crops than others at a distance, in consequence of the number of bodies of men and horses which had here enriched the soil. What a mockery of military glory! A shower now falling drove us hurriedly to the carriage, which waited our leisure on the road, and we made the best of our way, by Genappe and Quatre-Bras, to Namur, a distance of thirty-three miles, in a south-easterly direction, from Waterloo.

The district of Belgium through which our route lay forms part of Hainault, a province of a hilly or at least elevated character, and altogether different in aspect from the plains of Flanders. The people, also, are less neat and economical in their arrangements; some of the villages were poor and dirty, and the growing of flax seemed to be a principal means of support. At spots where the work of the harvest was proceeding, we observed the peculiar Hainault scythe in operation, by which the grain was cut down with considerable rapidity, though to my fancy the process appeared slovenly in comparison with that of the sickle in the hands of a skilful reaper. Hainault derives less importance from its agriculture than its mines of coal, those of Charleroi and Mons being of vast extent and incalculable value. I was informed that the various pits of Hainault produce annually twenty-five millions of hectolitres of coal,* of which a fifth part is exported to France. By means of short railways, the pits communicate with the navigable rivers or canals. This part of the country is likewise rich in stone of various kinds, among which the blue stone of Tournay, and the marbles of St Anne, Charleroi, and Chimay, possess a high reputation.

Within Hainault lies the picturesque and beautiful valley of the Sambre, a small river which we see on our right on descending to Namur, where it falls into the Meuse, a stream of considerable size. The angle of ground at the junction of the waters, and pointing towards the north-east, is a high rocky hill, on which stands the citadel, a series of loop-holed battlements, overlooking the town, and commanding both the vales of the Sambre and Meuse. The town itself, in which we spent a night, like all places hemmed in by walls, consists of crooked and narrow streets, environed with tall old houses, and, except one or two churches, has nothing of interest for strangers. From the number of shops in which cutlery and articles of brass are exhibited for sale, it may be ascertained that these kinds of goods are a staple manufacture in Namur, which may appropriately enough be called the Sheffield of Belgium.

The valley of the Meuse, as it lies exposed from the quay at Namur, opens up a new scene of beauty as well as of wide-spread industry. A year or two ago, the river was only travelled by boats drawn by a train of horses, and was therefore of little use; it is now daily navigated by small steam-boats from Dinant, eighteen miles above Namur, to Liege, about fifty-four miles below it; the voyage between these extreme points, in going down, being usually performed in nine hours. The scenery on the banks above Namur is grand and imposing, consisting of high bluffs and cliffy precipices, often dotted over with

shrubs, or rendered picturesque by the ruins of an aged castle. From Namur downwards, the river winds through a country which forms a miniature resemblance of the Rhine scenery, with the qualification of showing more life and industrial enterprise. As we sail down between the romantic banks, whose bases often approach the water so closely as only to leave space for the public highway, we are alternately charmed with the rocky abutments and rich slopes clothed with vines to their summits, the grey-tiled cottages perched among the cliffs, and the old red chateaux with jalousy-covered windows, stuck on the uppermost peaks; or, what becomes more frequent as we get farther down, the spectacle of little villages, nestling at the bottom of a rocky hill, and obviously the centre of mining or smelting operations. At about half way to Liege, we pass on the right the ancient town of Huy, stuck awkwardly on the face of the hill, the summit of which is crowned with a fortification, apparently of immense strength, and commanding, with rows of bristling cannon, the passage up and down the Meuse. Part of the town is on the low ground on the left bank, the two divisions being connected by a long stone bridge, beneath which the steamer barely clears its way. Shortly after, we pass the ancient castellated chateau of Choequier, planted on the apex of a cliff, which rises precipitously about three hundred feet from the left bank of the river; and farther on, on the right, the country now softening into gently ascending fields or stretches of flat meadowland, we come in front of the iron-works of Seraing, the far-famed establishment of Mr Cockerill. Behind a lengthened and useful quay, the works stretch upwards in the form of a series of large quadrangular brick edifices, surrounding open squares, with various tall cones and chimneys, sending forth masses of smoke, and so many detached edifices and rows of dwelling-houses for workmen, that the whole resembles a manufacturing town. Having in my former sketches given a short description of Seraing, it may appear unnecessary to say any thing further here respecting either it or its enterprising projector. I content myself with stating, that, whether the family of the Cockerills ultimately succeed to their expectations, it is generally allowed that, from this great model establishment, got up in every respect on English principles as respects mechanism and division of labour, there has gone forth a host of skilled artificers who are successfully planting similar concerns in other parts of Belgium. The law which prevents English machine-makers from exporting the produce of their industry, has necessarily led to the erection of the Seraing and other engineering works to supply the continental demand, and has, in point of fact, been one of those great suicidal measures for which British legislation has too long possessed an unhappy celebrity. If it ever was imagined that such an arrangement would prevent our continental neighbours from becoming acquainted with the nature of English mechanism, the supposition has been signally disproved, both by the erection of Seraing and of other great machine factories which I shall afterwards have occasion to describe. Seraing, however, is unquestionably the largest, and in its various departments, which include the mining of coal and iron ore, gives employment to 2000 workmen, nearly all of whom are native Belgians. As our steamer shot down the stream, after pausing for a minute opposite the quay to land passengers, I could not avoid paying a tribute of admiration to the Anglo-Saxon enterprise and power of combination, which here, in a foreign country, had planted a faithful representation of those great factory establishments for which our country has so much reason to feel pride.

From three to four miles below Seraing, the country expands, particularly towards the right; and at this distance we come in sight of the ancient city of Liege, reposing on the left bank of the river, and backed by a green hill, plentifully dotted over with houses and gardens, straggling out from the higher parts of the town. During the few hours of our stay, we found the old capital of the prince-bishops to be little different from what we had formerly seen it. The fine quay, stretching along the Meuse, was well filled with craft which carried on a communication with the Lower Rhine or with the upper part of the country; while the streets exhibited their usual bustle. Crowds of passengers pushed along in different directions; and of the staple manufacture, fire-arms, we observed quantities in the hands of artisans in every quarter. Being the metropolis of a wide district around, the town contains many handsome shops, filled with goods of Belgian and Swiss manufacture. It is also distinguished by its numerous jewellers' shops and booths, in which are displayed vast quantities of trinkets in gold and silver, for use in the devotional exercises of the church.

Liege being as yet the terminating point of the Belgian railways, it forms an entrepôt whence travellers must find their way by diligence or private carriage to the districts on the Rhine. The great inconvenience, however, experienced from this alteration in the mode of transport, is in the course of speedy removal. A branch of the railway is in rapid progress from the station at Liege, by the valley of the Vesdre, to Aix-la-Chapelle, from which a line is already extended to Cologne. It is still customary for tourists to push on to Aix by the road across the high-lying piece of country which intervenes; but having formerly proceeded over this uninteresting tract, we now adopted the more pleasant though circuitous route by

the Vesdre, both for the purpose of seeing the great operations on the proposed railway, and of paying a visit to Spa.

Our excursion to Spa formed one of the most pleasant parts of our journey. On a fine morning, after an early breakfast, our carriage, emancipating itself from the busy streets of Liege, crossed the long and old-fashioned bridge which connects the town with a populous suburb on the opposite side of the Meuse, and speedily brought us to the open country beyond. Here two vales attract the eye of the traveller, one being that of the Ourthe, and the other the Vesdre, both pouring their waters into the Meuse within the confines of the suburb we have just passed. Our route lies towards the east, and, in about an hour, we find ourselves threading the valley of the Vesdre, the woody hills approaching nearer and nearer to the small stream, and at every step assuming a more and more picturesque appearance. We are now clearly within the threshold of the Ardennes; and the associations of history and romance combining with the admiration of natural beauty, we bound on our way, and discover at every turn some new point to surprise and delight us. In no place does the scenery rise to the character of sublime, or even grand, its qualities being every way of a more humble but not less interesting description. In many places it bears a resemblance to that on the Eek, between Lasswade and Roalin, but it is of much greater length, and is frequently more bold and lofty. Like that of the Eek, also, the valley is the seat of busy industry. At every available point, the water is diverted to turn a mill, and the noise of machinery engaged in the fabrication of woollen goods every where mingles with the murmurs of the clear sparkling brook, as it dashes onward in its serpentine course. The valley of the Vesdre is likewise enlivened by many neat country-seats, cottages, and villages, one of which, Chaud Fontaine, forms a favourite resort, for its hot mineral waters and quiet rural retreat. But the most remarkable features of an artificial kind are the numerous excavations and bridgings for the proposed line of railway. So circuitous is the valley, that the line will consist for the greater part of tunnels and viaducts, a perforation of a jutting knoll being in every instance followed by a high embankment and bridge stretching across the river. In some instances, the line is cut on the face of a bushy precipice of rock, so steep as to be impassable to the pedestrian; and in other places, in order to accommodate its undeviating path, the river has been led into a new and distant channel. In short, a bolder project was perhaps never designed; and to the spirit of the Belgian government in carrying it into execution, a very high meed of praise is unquestionably due. When completed, it will, as I have said, unite with the line to Cologne, and thence joining the line to Düsseldorf and Elberfeld, any part of central Europe may shortly be reached in a day and a half from Ostend or Antwerp.

Leaving for the meanwhile the valley of the Vesdre, with all its beauties, we turn aside to the right, at the ancient village of Pepinster, which we perceive is a perfect hive of manufacturing industry, and pursuing the windings of a tributary valley and rivulet, we proceed on our way to Spa. But the account of our visit to that secluded capital of the Ardennes must form the commencement of a new paper.

A PENNY SAVED IS A PENNY GAINED—IS IT!

"ALWAYS remember, children, that a penny saved is a penny gained," said old David Gourlie to his little son and daughter, John and Elizabeth. The maxim is an excellent one, but, like many other good things, it is liable to abuse. There are two ways of using it, and it should not be launched into the world without a commentary to point out the right one. It should be labelled with directions, like an apothecary's draught, lest the patient, instead of taking a spoonful every three hours, should swallow the whole at once—injuring himself and discrediting the prescription by his injudicious excess.

Old David Gourlie had been one of a large and very indigent family. His father and mother had married improvidently early, and had found themselves surrounded by a troop of little hungry stomachs before they had bread to put into them. David was born to a fireless hearth, an empty cupboard, and a shoeless foot. He saw nothing around him but penury; and almost as soon as he could go alone, he was flung into the world to pick up a living, if he could, and if not, to starve; and, in the beginning, it seemed not unfrequently an even chance which way the struggle should end. But David was of a hard unbending nature; he fought on, up hill and down hill—many a night without a roof to shelter him, and many a day with nothing but potato-parings for his dinner. Kicked by

* As Dover will shortly be reached in three hours by railway from London, and as the strait can be crossed in the same space of time, the French nation might greatly promote the thoroughfare towards the Rhine, as well as materially benefit itself, by laying down a railway from Calais to Ghent. Were this accomplished—which, however, in the present position of French affairs, there is little reason to expect—Cologne could be reached in about eighteen hours from London.

* A hectolitre is 29 imperial gallons.

one, cuffed by another, abused by a third, it was a hard battle; but at last he won it. Not, however, till he had reached the mature age of forty-five, did David consider himself entitled to marry, without incurring the risk of entailing on his wife and children the same penury and wretchedness to which he had been born himself. He then, after looking cannily about, took to himself a staid maiden of thirty-five, who had never breakfasted on any thing but porridge, and who had no newfangled notions about tea, and coffee, and wheaten bread, and who had, moreover, a thousand pounds as her fortune; and John and Elizabeth were, in due time, the offspring of this auspicious union. The thousand pounds was a wondrous help to David; it enabled him to push his business upon a broader scale than he had yet ventured, always, however, with great caution; but between that and his industry, he did well, and was enabled to give his children an education that fitted them for a higher walk of life than his own. David did this, not because he had any exalted notions of the value of learning, but because he looked upon it as a sort of stock in trade that he had often felt the want of himself; and he had such a hatred of poverty—his recollections furnished him such an odious picture of it—that he resolved to neglect no means of securing his children from the same melancholy experience. Accordingly, from the moment of their birth, or at least from the moment they understood the meaning of words, every pains was taken to impress them with a due notion of the value of money; or, perhaps, we should rather say, an *adue* notion of it; for so high was the estimate placed on this idol of the old man's worship, and so far was the duty of acquiring it exalted above all other duties—not, certainly, explicitly, or perhaps intentionally, but tacitly and by implication—that the young people grew up with very imperfect notions of any other virtue; at least, they looked upon all other virtues as deriving their chief value from their tendency to promote the main chance. They were strictly honest, because they had been taught that honesty is the best policy; and they did no designed harm to any body, because it would have been impolitic to make enemies, who might have impeded their efforts to acquire wealth. But if they were never dishonest, they were never generous; and if they made no enemies, neither did they make any friends. They grew up cold, selfish, and alone, having no enjoyment of the world, nor of the many bright and beautiful things that are in it, and the world having no enjoyment of them. Not that we mean, when we say *alone*, that they did not occasionally associate with other young people, but that, owing to the manner of their education, they had already old heads upon young shoulders; and that when their companions were thinking of the pleasures of a dance or a tea-party, they were thinking of how much money it would cost.

When Jock, as he was generally called, had got as much learning as was thought necessary, he was placed in a merchant's house at Glasgow; and there he did his duty so well, that his master found him a perfect treasure, and sent the best accounts of him to his father. Jock was always at his business; from seven o'clock in the morning till eight at night, he was to be seen in the counting-house, with the exception of the short periods allotted for meals; and during these thirteen hours, it might be safely affirmed that his mind never wandered a moment from ledgers and bills of lading. No excursive thoughts—no visions of green fields, or bright flowers, or fair faces—no gleams of imagination, ever for a moment illumined the four bare walls of that dingy room, in that dark street of the dirty suburb of Glasgow. If, in the intervals of their work, the young clerks, his fellow-labourers, cracked a joke, or sang a snatch of a merry song—or, drawing a play-bill from their pockets, attempted a sketch of the previous evening's amusement they had enjoyed in the pit at half price—or, producing a volume of poems, ventured for a few moments to lure their companions into the regions of fancy—Jock neither lent a smile to the joke, nor an ear to the song; neither had he any curiosity about the new farce, nor could he be enticed for a single instant to emerge on the wings of the poet from that dull prison. All these things might be very well for those that liked them, but as they did not promote the main chance, they had no interest for him; and as for the counting-house, dingy and dull as it was, Jock had no aspirations beyond it (unless, indeed, it was to have a counting-house of his own), for there he saw what large sums a man might acquire by diligence and application; and if he did not touch these enormous amounts himself, he at least had the pleasure of seeing the figures that represented them. When business was over, and the young men were released from their desks, Jock's moment of recreation being arrived, he stepped into a certain coffee-house, which lay in the direct way from his office to his lodging, seated himself in a particular corner, and calling for a cup of coffee and the newspaper, he set himself to study the state of the markets, the rise and fall of stock, the amount of dividends payable upon the various joint-stock speculations, and the condition of our foreign relations, as far as they were likely to bear upon commerce. He also took a glance at the police reports, and noted any cases of fraud, forgery, or embezzlement, that might be detailed; all such information coming under the head of useful knowledge. As he justly observed, the world is full of rogues, and an honest man must learn their tricks, or he'll be sure to

get bit some day or other. At half-past nine Jock left the coffee-room, and at ten he stepped into bed. On Sundays he went three times to church, because it was respectable to do so, and he looked upon character, as his father did upon education, as part of a man's stock in trade; in the intervals, he usually indulged himself in a walk by the quay, where he had an opportunity of observing the shipping, calculating their value, and perhaps picking up some information about their freight and the prices of different articles of commerce at the places they traded to. After evening service, he took his coffee and newspaper as usual; but he went to bed an hour earlier on Sundays than on any other night.

It must be admitted that this was a life perfectly irreproachable; indeed—although the young men of his own age were apt to laugh at Jock, and look upon him as a fellow without any spirit or fun in him—his employers pronounced it meritorious, and the confidence they entertained in his steadiness and integrity was unbounded, inasmuch that he rose from one thing to another, till he became the head clerk of the establishment; and in process of time, when one of the partners happened to die suddenly, the remaining ones thought it advisable to secure his permanent services by giving him a share of the business. Thus, Jock found all difficulties smoothed, and himself on the high road to fortune, at an age when his young companions had no prospect but to toil through many years of clerkship, lucky, indeed, if they got a peep at any thing brighter beyond—many a one there was that never did. And all this Jock had got by his own merit, his application to business, his steadiness, his habits of economy, in short, his devotion to the main chance. He had never forgotten that a penny saved is a penny gained, and he had therefore never spent a penny that he could help; at least, the glass of toddy was his only superfluity. He dressed respectably—it was his interest to do so; but books, plays, music, jaunts in the country, information, or recreation, of any sort, that had no tendency to promote the one great end, he looked upon as useless, and as involving a criminal waste of time—time which he justly considered as money, for so it is to the diligent; every minute is a coin to those who know its value, and pity 'tis ever to waste one of them, for they are coins that, once gone, never come back again; and, besides, there are so many ways of spending them that are at once both pleasant and profitable. "Can any way be so profitable as getting money?" Jock would say. "Wait a little, Jock; that's what we shall see by and by."

In the meanwhile, Elizabeth remained at home with her parents. There are few ways in which women can advance their fortunes, provided they are above the necessity of going out as dressmakers and shop-women, employments which offer too little remuneration to tempt any but the needy—few ways but marriage; and some time elapsed before a proposal reached Elizabeth that was thought eligible by herself and her parents. At length, however, a suitor appeared, whose pretensions seemed quite unexceptionable. He had been in business a few years as a joiner and cabinet-maker, and was doing extremely well—so well, that he thought he might now afford to take a wife, provided he took a prudent one; and if he could find one with a few hundred pounds, it would be a great assistance to him. After looking about a little, he fixed on Elizabeth; and thought himself very lucky to get a wife with the above-mentioned qualifications, and who was rather good-looking into the bargain. Their course of love, therefore, ran as smooth as could be desired; and in due time, without any rubs or crosses, Elizabeth found herself Mrs. Kaye. As they had yet their way to make in the world, they were both perfectly agreed as to the necessity of economy; and Philip admired his wife's prudence and self-denial very much, when she said she saw no necessity for keeping a servant; she would have a woman in once a week to do the heavy work, the rest she could do herself; the servant's living and wages was a good deal saved in a year; "and you know, Philip, a penny saved is a penny gained." As their mode of living and all their expenses were regulated according to the same prudent maxim, and as Philip was a clever and attentive tradesman, their affairs prospered surprisingly, and in a very short time they found themselves high and dry, with their feet above water, as the phrase is—the struggle was over. They had a well-established business, a large connexion, and a pretty sum of money laid but in some new houses, in a fashionable part of the town, that were well let, and paid a handsome per centage.

"And I think now," said Philip to his wife one day, after they had been reviewing their affairs, "that it is time we began to think of enjoying ourselves a little."

"In what way?" inquired Elizabeth. "What do you call enjoying yourself?"

"Why, I mean," replied Philip, "that it is time we began to take a little amusement. When I went into business, I made up my mind that I would give up the first few years wholly to it. I had seen so many people fail, from not being careful enough in the beginning, and from giving more time and money to diversion and recreation than they could spare, that I resolved to stick as close as possible to the main chance till I had got a sure footing; but now that we are so well established, and have got a good bit of money beforehand, I don't see why we shouldn't take

a little pleasure too. For one thing, I should like to have a few friends sometimes of an evening, and give them a cup of tea and a bit of supper."

"Tea and supper!" said Elizabeth. "Why, we've done very well all this time without having parties to tea and supper. I wonder where our business would have been by this time, if we had been giving parties to tea and supper."

"But we haven't been giving parties to tea and supper," answered Philip, "and therefore it's no use asking the question. But what might have been very wrong before, may be very right now; there's no reason, because we never have given any parties, that we never are to give any."

"But why not keep on in the way we've done so well with?" replied Elizabeth.

"Because there's a time for all things," said Philip; "a time to work, and a time to play. We have worked hard, and have earned our right to a little recreation."

"And haven't we been very happy all the while?" asked Elizabeth.

"To be sure we have," replied Philip. "The only disagreements we have ever had, have arisen from my sometimes thinking you cut rather too close, especially latterly, since we have been better off; but, after all, it was an error on the right side—I dare say we are the better of it now."

"No doubt we are, Philip," said Elizabeth. "A penny saved is a penny gained—we should never forget that. And if we begin seeing company, and making jaunts into the country, what a deal of money we shall spend!"

"But, of course, I mean to do things in moderation," answered Philip; "I'm not going from one extreme to the other. We'll only spend in pleasure what we can spare."

"I can't see why we can't let well enough alone," responded Elizabeth, "and be happy in our business, as we always have been. Why should we spend money in things that are not necessary?"

"But recreation is necessary," answered Philip, "and money was made to be spent; what else is the use of it?"

"To make one comfortable," replied Elizabeth.

"But how can it make us comfortable if we never spend it?" asked Philip.

"And how shall we be comfortable when it's gone?" asked Elizabeth.

"Nonsense, wife!" said Philip, who began to lose patience with her obtuseness. "You might ask that with justice if you had a spendthrift of a husband, but you have no reason to distrust me. I dislike extravagance as much as you do, but I don't think people were intended to labour all their lives, and take no pleasure. I am social, and I should like to see my friends about me sometimes. I am fond of the country, and should like to take a peep at the green fields now and then."

"But surely, Philip, it will be time enough to do all these things when we have made our fortune, and can retire from business," objected Elizabeth.

"What's the use of deferring a thing we are able to do now, to a time that may never arrive?" said Philip. "We may not live to make our fortune, or we may be old and sick by that time, and incapable of pleasure."

"Then, if we are old and sick," said Elizabeth, "we shall not want pleasure, but we shall want our money."

Philip could only answer by repeating what he had already said, but he was tired of the dispute; he found it was useless to argue with a person who either could not or would not understand him, and who argued in such a narrow range, that the same idea, slightly varied in form, was all she had to oppose to his representations; so he waived the subject for the present, resolving to carry his point step by step, as opportunities offered. Philip was a liberal man, as well as an industrious one; he had laboured hard to get beforehand with the world, and had submitted cheerfully to all the privations that prudence dictated, and he intended to labour on, till he had acquired an independence; but he saw the folly of wholly sacrificing the certain present to the uncertain future—that future which he might never see—when the necessity for doing so no longer existed; and he thought it absurd to submit to privations which no duty imposed. Besides, he knew enough of human nature to comprehend that, if he and his wife lived by themselves, and devoted every thought of their minds to getting money, till the fortune she talked of was made, that they would by that time be incapable of changing their habits, and unfit to enjoy those little pleasures, which, as they were innocent and beneficial, he did not wish to lose sight of. Now that the main struggle was over—that he had no fear of failure, and no ground to doubt but that, with a reasonable degree of prudence, his business must continue to flourish—he could not place all his happiness in getting money, more especially money that, if he deferred to his wife's notions, appeared never likely to be spent. He wanted to enjoy the social converse of his friends, to collect a few books, and sprinkle about his home a few of the elegances of life; and he longed also to make some little excursions into the country—to wander over the hills where he was born, and once more to pluck the wild-flowers and the heather that had been the toys of his childhood. But all these were aspirations that Elizabeth could not understand; with her, the sole object of life was to get money. If you had asked her

"What for?" she would have answered—"To make us comfortable—what can be done without money?" That is very true—few things can be done without money, and without it there is little comfort—but her error was, that she did nothing with it, and that she trusted to the possession of the money itself to make her comfortable, and not what the money was to buy. Perhaps it might make her comfortable; but what a narrow, soulless view of comfort it was!—how unworthy of a rational being! But it could not make Philip so; the money that was never to be spent lost its value in his eyes. When he found that he could not enlarge his wife's ideas, and that he must either slave on to the end of the chapter, or live in an interminable series of disputes, fighting for every inch of ground, and not allowed to enjoy it when he had got it—he lost all pleasure in his business. The incentive to labour was gone; he began to look for those pleasures abroad that he could not find at home; and the amusements his wife refused to share with him, he sought alone. This state of things, which she had herself produced—though that she could never see—made Elizabeth both angry and wretched; she thought her husband infatuated, and that the proposals he had made for enjoying a few recreations, and extending their expenses a little, had been only the beginning of the disease. She lamented, wept, and scolded—sought by a closer economy to balance his extravagance—made his home daily more uncomfortable, and his motives for labour less exciting—till at last he began to neglect both, and preferred spending his evening any where rather than by his own fireside, or in the company of his wife.

But whilst all this has been going on, what has Jock been doing? Jock is now a first-rate merchant—a man that can count his thousands, or rather that can scarcely count them, they are so numerous. He is still single, for he never had time to look for a wife; and he still spends his days in the counting-house, drinks his cup of coffee as he goes home, and sleeps in a poor apartment that looks into a dull yard. Jock has never had any social intercourse with his fellow-merchants—he never had time for that either—and he has never been a mile out of Glasgow, except when business forced him away, since we left him there. But the scene is about to change. There were a good many failures last year—the state of commerce is critical—Jock thinks his partners live too freely, and speculate too rashly—he is getting nervous, and has resolved to secure himself by backing out, and withdrawing his funds from the concern. Even he cannot but admit that he is rich enough, and that to risk what he has, for the sake of getting more, would be foolish; so Jock retires, and determines, for the rest of his life, to enjoy himself. But how to set about it is the question. There is a handsome place to be disposed of, a few miles from the city, and Jock's acquaintance recommend him to look at it; and he does so. There would be amusement enough for any man; a fine farm, a beautiful and well-ordered garden, and an excellent library; shooting and fishing, too, in abundance. But what can Jock do with all these things. He never walked over a farm in his life; he does not know turnips from beans, whilst they are in the ground, and could scarcely tell a plough from a harrow. As for flowers, they never engaged his attention, and he cannot conceive how any rational being could care for such useless things. Books he never read, and he feels that it would be too late to begin now; and as for shooting or fishing, he never drew a trigger in his life, and he opines that a stick with a worm at one end of it and a fool at the other, is the proper definition of a fishing-rod. It appears pretty clear, therefore, that the country will not do; he must look for a house in town. There are plenty to be had suitable to his fortune—large, commodious, and well built; but when he has got a house, how is he to fill it? With servants—but what will the servants have to do? He needs no attendance—he never had a servant—the people where he lodged did all he wanted. But he will see his friends—he will give parties; in short, he must have a house somewhere. There is but the town and the country to choose between, and the latter seems the least objectionable; so the house is taken. But before even he sets his foot in it, he feels that it is a burden—a thing he does not want. He has never been accustomed to society; and to sit at the head of his own table and entertain a party, is a thing he neither understands nor has any taste for. He finds the house useless, and the servants useless; but there is also another thing that he finds useless, and a greater burden upon his hands than either the house or the servants—and that is his time. His whole range of ideas had been confined to his counting-house, and he had never perceived that there was any other object in life but to get money. What was a man to do who had fulfilled the only object of existence? For him, the tale was told, the work was done, the play was played out—nothing remained but the drags of life.

It would have been a happy thing for Jock if some fairy had annihilated, with her wand, the whole of his property, and sent him to begin the world again, with ten pounds in his pocket, as he had done thirty years before; but no such beneficent beings exist in this degenerate and unpoetical age, so there was no relief for Jock. He thought it was the house and servants made him unhappy; so he got rid of both, and returned to live in the lodging he had occupied so many years. But he found the situation was

extremely dull, which surprised him, as in all the time he had lived there before, he had never made the discovery; so he changed again, till at last he took a small lodging by the water side, and this he found answer better than any thing else. All day he watched the loading and unloading of the ships, inquired about their cargoes, estimated their value, and made himself acquainted with the state of the markets and the rates of exchange; in the evenings he read his newspaper as usual. He kept no servant, and spent the enormous sum of eighty pounds a-year. It was rather dull work, however; and, at length, Jock got tired of it, and finding there was nothing more to do in the world, he died; and as he made no will, his property, which amounted to about two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, went to his sister, whom he had never seen since he left home. Philip was dead by this time, and Mrs Kaye was a widow, living in a lodging up two pair of stairs, in a back street, with her cat. As she had not seen her brother for so many years, of course his death was pretty nearly a matter of indifference to her; but she was very much pleased with the large inheritance, and, as she observed, it was extremely fortunate that, as she always wore black, there was no necessity for buying mourning—"one black gown was as good as another, and a penny saved was a penny gained."

When Mrs Kaye died, an advertisement was inserted in all the papers, inquiring for the nearest of kin to John and Elizabeth Gourlie; and after some time, a claimant for the property was found in the person of an old gardener, who had gone to seek his fortune in the south many years before. He, however, said it was of no use to him—he was too old to change his habits; and he died in a few months, before he had time to make the experiment. After him, there appeared two claimants, whose relationship was so remote, that the most acute eyes of the most acute lawyers could scarcely discern it, and still less could they discern which was the nearest; and as they were each very angry with the other, and would not consent to a compromise, the property went into the courts of law, where, if any of it yet remains, it probably still is—at least, certain it is that none of it ever reached the hands of the disputants, or was ever known to take any other direction than towards the lawyers' pockets.

DESTRUCTION OF EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.

THE abject, impoverished, and almost hopeless condition of Egypt at the present moment, is beginning to attract painful attention throughout Europe. Some late expositions of the state of its affairs, by men intimately acquainted with it, tend to show that Mehemet Ali's schemes and operations, while possessing a specious semblance of civilisation, have produced a universal deterioration of condition; and that during his ruthless viceroyalty, and with all the accessions made by the hunting and capture of slaves, the numbers of the population have sunk about one half—too sure a sign of social suffering and misgovernment. As Egypt, from its ancient glories and antiquities, is a country in which all are less or more interested, we propose, for general information, to glean a few facts from respectable and impartial authorities on this highly important subject.

The first point to which we are desirous of drawing attention, is the rapid destruction and disappearance of those magnificent architectural objects, which, though in a state of considerable dilapidation, remained for the examination of travellers till within the last twenty years. Mr George R. Gliddon, for many years consul at Cairo for the United States, and well acquainted with the condition of Egypt, has furnished the world with a striking picture of Mehemet Ali's barbarous selfishness as respects these monuments.

"We will now proceed," says Mr Gliddon, "to trace the devastations that, since 1800, have swept off ruins—monumental relics that had survived the Persians, the Christians, the Saracens, and the Turks, to disappear under the civilising rule of the present governor. To do so effectually, the reader is invited to accompany the writer on an excursion down the Nile. Our starting-point shall be Assuan (Syene), at the first cataract. Before embarking at this place, we seek in vain for the remains of that temple, which, up to 1822, had been in partial preservation; but our researches have scarcely enabled us to discover its site; and we find that numberless sculptured fragments, which existed formerly in quays or substructures, have

greatly diminished. We cross over to Elephantine, and there ascertain the absence, excepting in a few detached blocks, of one temple of Amunoph III.; one of Alexander, son of Alexander the Great; one Christian ruin; a portion of another temple; the chambers of the celebrated Nilometer; the staircase (consisting, in 1800, of sixty-six steps), of which scarcely a vestige remains. We inquire how and when they disappeared, and learn that the whole were destroyed by his highness's orders, to build a palace for Mohammed Bey, between the years 1822 and 1825, as well as to construct a military village. We walk through these modern constructions, and find that, having done their part, they are now in ruins.

We embark for Edfoo, where stood two temples of the Ptolemaic epoch, in a state of great preservation, though partially buried in accumulations of rubbish and sun-burnt bricks. The larger temple has suffered chiefly from the Iconoclasts; but of the other, the Typhonium, or Mammisi, all the superstructures, and some of the lower portions, have been quarried to collect into scattered heaps the materials for a manufactory which was never built—a counter order, for its non-erection, having been issued by the pasha, after the devastation of the venerable ruins, which had thus become wanton and needless.

Full of enthusiastic expectations, we descend towards Eilethas (El-Kab), after seeking in vain, amongst the ruins of Hierakonpolis (El-Kom-el-Ahmar), for the revered name of the first Osortasen. We ask a fellah, 'Where are the stones?'—he points to Esne, and exclaims 'Rakh' (gone).

Having crossed the river to the eastern bank, our feelings are rudely shocked, our hopes cruelly disappointed, when, on landing at El-Kab, instead of three temples—two at the brick enclosure of the ancient city, and one, a beautiful peripteral temple, to the northward—we find a stony waste! The names of Achoris, of Thotmes IV., Meris, and a premonition of Thotmes V., with the title 'Sotepanre' (approved of the sun), still discernible on some fragments, only increase the poignancy of our regret. These three temples of 'Sowan' were overturned by the pasha's order, to build some useless factories and a quay at Esne; but as his agents had a superabundance of materials, after needlessly destroying these interesting remains, they have dragged the stones towards the river, and left them in heaps! The factories at Esne are now shut up; the quay, a miserable instance of Turco-Egyptian constructiveness.

At Esne, that magnificent portico, commenced by the Ptolemies, and adorned by the Roman emperors with most of their names, from Tiberius to the infamous Caracalla, is now a store-room for government 'material'; till lately, it was a depot for cotton bales. But still it exists, which is not the case with the little temple at Contra-Laton, which was destroyed in 1828, for the quay at Esne, to furnish stones for which, that interesting temple at Ed-Dayr, to the north of Esne, has shared the same unhappy, irretrievable fate. Ermenet (Hermonthis) is approached with fearful apprehension. The 'Mammisi' of Cæsarian is untouched by the crow-bar; it is useful as a stable: the reservoir is also untouched, because in the inundations it answers as a tank, and, as it contains no sculptures, the nazirs and mamours have no motive for destroying it; their greatest gratification being derived from playing the part of 'the dog in the manger,' and by balking the expectant curiosity of European travellers. At Hermonthis, up to 1836, stood a large Christian church of the Lower Empire. A hole, surrounded by stones carefully broken into little pieces, is all that marks its site; while, to the left, a deep and extensive excavation reveals to the eye that another temple once stood, built by Hadrian out of the ruins of a preceding temple of Thotmes-Meris! Yes—in the course of destroying the church, the workmen were led to uncover some blocks, that just appeared on the surface of the soil, and the foundations of another extensive, and hitherto unknown, temple were uncovered! The ground around, for an extent of nearly two acres, is spread with mounds of stones.

But Thebes is near us. We land on the Goorna side, and proceed to the tomb of 'Petammonoph' at the 'Assaseef'; the painted chambers at the entrance of which, within ten years back, afforded shade and objects of study to the hieroglyphist, but are now blown into atoms, leaving it scarcely possible to ascertain their arrangement. This destruction had been at divers times commenced prior to 1830, and the subsequent final demolition; but the vigorous remonstrances of European travellers had temporarily diverted the destructiveness of the nazirs. But, when the factories at Karnac were building, this tomb afforded a temptation too potent to be resisted. It was mined for lime. Its sculptures were the unique cause of its destruction; because, at the very moment when the nazir commenced, a European (the only one then at Thebes), in his efforts to save it, pointed out innumerable dilapidated and unsculptured tombs in the immediate vicinity, the stone of which afforded lime as good as the Assaseef.

Crossing the river, our ardent imaginations are confounded by the sublimity of Karnac, but words cannot express our indignation at the demolition which has here taken place since 1836; and its extent is so enormous, that one might infer, from the magnitude of its effects, that the genius of Azrael himself revelled in the brain of the Typhonic mamour, who, to the best of his ability, carried into execution the or-

* An Appeal to the Antiquaries of Europe on the Destruction of the Monuments of Egypt, by George R. Gliddon (being No. 2 of a series of pamphlets on Egypt). London: Madden and Co. 1841. In copying from Mr Gliddon, we have occasionally taken the liberty of omitting expressions which appeared foreign to the purpose of his exposition.

ders of his master. If the conceptions of the successive architects, who erected these now disappearing edifices, were mighty, not less vast were those which guided the hand of the destroying angel of a mamoor in their demolition. The result of his operations, from 1836 to the winter of 1840, are as follows:—

Commencing with the great propylon of the hypostyle hall of Karnac (marked No. 6 in Wilkinson's map), the enthusiasm of the workmen, whose unremitting exertions were refreshed by the never-failing stimulus of the corbach, they were proceeding with rapidity, when Providence interposed a remonstrating European, through whose manly and strenuous exertions that great propylon was saved, though he was treated with insolence. The mamoor then directed his energies to the annihilation of all the sub and superstructures of the little temples, marked O, N, T, 4, and R, in the map.

While the officers of the pasha's government were breaking every thing into rubble, no European could obtain a single stone, excepting through the customary and never-failing mode of success—bribery; and permission to saw off the sculptured face of a block, which the sledge-hammer was about to shatter into minute fragments, or to carry away the names of those extraordinary kings, whose remote epochs are a mystery and a stumbling-block to chronologists, was attainable only at the tariff of nine piasters, nearly 2s. per cartouche.

The destruction proceeded; and having reached the gigantic propylea, on the Avenue of Sphinxes, gunpowder was adopted with great effect. Pylon, marked No. 32, was utterly annihilated. Pylon, marked No. —, which stood between Nos. 36 and 37, was about three-fourths cleared away. Pylon, marked No. 36, was in part destroyed, about one half of each wing. Also, the remains of the temple, marked M. In addition to all which, they carried off scattered materials from the entire range round Luxor and Karnac; and in different degrees mutilated other propylea, and portions of the great temple itself.

Passing over Mr Gliddon's narrative of the destruction perpetrated at El-Quos, Dendera, Essyoot, and other places, we arrive at his account of what has been done and left undone at the pyramids. "We have reached the wonders of the world, the greatest of ancient monuments in the universe, and we find, that under the enlightened rule of Mehemet Ali, they owe their existence solely to an accident—that building materials are for the present procurable at less expense than would be furnished by their annihilation! We have witnessed, during the last forty years, the overthrow of temples, propylea, palaces, and edifices of every age, size, and designation, from Cairo to the 'Tower of Syene'—the destruction of sculptures, legends, inscriptions, paintings, of every epoch and of every species, throughout the whole course of the Nilotic valley, on both shores, from Lower Egypt to the first cataract; and, in the immensity of desecration and loss, especially after what we have heard about Mehemet Ali and civilisation—words that are so frequently blended that, to our ears, they have become synonymous—we can scarcely believe our senses."

Our enthusiastic author sums up the dismal catalogue of disasters by the following observations:—"Prior to the year 1820, the Pasha of Egypt was too much engrossed in consolidating his newly acquired dominion over that country—too much involved in wars in Arabia—in quelling dissensions amongst his turbulent Albanian soldiery—as well as too much occupied in maturing the schemes which, after a lapse of twenty years, can hardly be said to have attained their full development—to attend to the antiquities of Egypt, for or against them. There was no object to be gained by the demolition of ancient monuments; on the contrary, the desire to create in Europe an impression in his favour, was a direct inducement for their preservation. In consequence, it will be found, that until 1820, little injury had been done to the ruins, further than that which was being effected by European antiquity-collectors or their agents throughout Egypt. It will likewise be found that the destruction of ancient monuments, through the direct instrumentality of the Egyptian government, increased in extent, in proportion as 'la civilisation' advanced in development, and became familiar; and that, in the same ratio as the pasha saw that Europe looked upon him with favour, and hoped for improvements under his rule, the more indifferent he became to preserve that reputation by his acts in Egypt."

It was from the year 1836 to 1839 that destruction obtained its full sway over Egyptian ruins—precisely during those years when the peace, secured at Kutaya, seemed to have assured the pasha that position, which his restless ambition prompted him to peril, by declaring to the representatives of England and France, in 1838, his firm intention of violating that treaty, and of asserting his independence—precisely at the time that the press in Europe was loudest in his favour, did he order the irreparable demolition of further ruins. Moreover, during these events, Mehemet Ali, in person, was four times in Upper Egypt—once when he visited Gheneh; again when he ascended to Esne; once on his journey, in 1838, to Fazoogloo; and again in 1839, passing down on his return. His orders were of the most severe and peremptory nature, leaving his too-willing mammoors no discretionary powers, even had they been desirous of averting the mischief. The consequence of these orders has been that series

of demolitions which every one must lament, because irretrievable. Our only hope now is, that Mr Gliddon's well-timed pamphlet may be the means of averting the destruction of those objects which remain; and we should be glad to see a strong representation from this country on the subject.

FELON LITERATURE.

THE Sixth Report (just published) of the Inspector of Prisons in England contains some remarkable facts illustrative of the demoralising effects of what may be called Felon Literature. A vast number of boy malefactors, when examined, were found to have been first misled by witnessing the performance of such plays as "Jack Sheppard." We cannot afford room for large extracts from these examinations; but a short specimen may serve to give some idea of the whole. The following (in which the boys are distinguished by numbers) is part of the examinations taken by the inspector at Liverpool:—

"Boy No. 51, aged 19: It was the theatres that first created in me a desire to steal, and were the cause of my getting into bad company. I have seen Jack Sheppard performed. I think it will be the means of inducing boys to copy his tricks. I have read his life. Many boys have it.—No. 52, aged 18: I have seen Jack Sheppard performed. I do not recollect any particular part that pleased me most; he was a clever fellow.—No. 53: I am sure, had I never known the theatres, I should have been quite a different character at this day. I have heard Jack Sheppard performed. I was very fond of it. I had his life, but some boy took it from me; most boys have his life.—No. 64, aged 19: I am sure the theatres would bring any youngsters to ruin; they don't care where they get the money, so that they do but get it to join their companions. I was very fond of seeing Jack Sheppard performed. I have read his life. I bought it.—No. 68, aged 16: I have seen Jack Sheppard performed; I think there is none like him; but prisons are not so easy to get out of at this day, or else I believe there might be some as clever as Jack.—No. 69, aged 18: I have seen Jack Sheppard performed; I am sure, if any thing, it encouraged me to commit greater crimes. [This boy describes with great relish the robbery of Jack's master and mistress, as represented on the stage].—No. 70, aged 18: I have seen Jack Sheppard performed; I thought he was a capital example for those that followed the trade. I did not learn much at the sight myself, but I think it was likely to encourage younger boys.—No. 83, aged 14: I have seen Jack Sheppard performed; thought it was very nice, and if I was only as clever, I should be thought one of the best of thieves. I thought that part the cleverest where he takes the purse from the lady; also the taking the snuff-box from Lady Trafford was very good.—No. 87, aged 21: I have seen Jack Sheppard performed; I noticed them picking one another's pockets upon the stage; it gave every one a great insight how to do it. If I did not know how to do such tricks when I went into the theatre, I am sure I should when I came out. I am sure it would be a very great inducement for boys to imitate the example shown.—No. 18, aged 18: I have seen Jack Sheppard performed three times at the Sanspareil, and twice at the Liver. I thought it was a very fine thing for lads like me, to show us how to manage."

The chaplain of the Preston House of Correction took the examination of three boys, under sentence of transportation, in that prison:—

"Their cases (says the inspector) are most extraordinary, they being in a respectable condition of life, far removed from want, residing with their parents or masters; and the sole motive for their committing the numerous robberies traced to them, appears to have been to emulate the exploits of Jack Sheppard. The superintendent of police at Preston states, that they had been committing robberies for nearly two years without detection or even suspicion; that seventeen robberies had been committed by them, of which fifteen were for breaking and entering, where the cases could have been made out against them. The largest amount they obtained was about twenty pounds. They would, after entering houses, sit and drink and enjoy themselves, and destroy property when not able to find any thing removable. On one occasion they destroyed machinery to the amount of fifteen pounds."

The following are extracts from their examinations:—"J. H., aged 18: I had just entered into the fifth year of my apprenticeship, and was to receive 7s. a week, which had been raised from 2s. 6d. I read Jack Sheppard about five months before I began the robberies. I saw Jack Sheppard played twice. It excited in my mind an inclination to imitate him; the part was well acted at the play. I read how he got into places; and I had a wish to try if I could do the same. The play made the greatest impression on my mind. A few weeks after I saw the play, I committed the first robbery. When the scene is hoisted, he is carving his name on a beam which goes across the shop. I wrote 'Jack Sheppard' on the shop-beam, just as it was in the play. It occurred to my mind that this trade was like my own—a carpenter. I often thought about it when I was at work. J. and me were always thinking and talking about it at the shop. Sheppard used to follow carding, and that set us 'agaite.'

[After reciting various robberies committed by himself and companions, this lad says]:—"We continued to talk about Jack Sheppard, and we were getting like Jack and his companions. I am quite convinced that if I had never seen the play, I should never have got into this trouble. The play did me far more harm than the book. We did these things for the name of the thing; we were not short of money."

From this evidence, the existence of a class of fictions founded on the lives of such malefactors as Sheppard must appear a moral evil of the most afflicting kind. If ever there was any doubt as to the effects of such fictions, it must now be set at rest. The powerful argument of realised consequences is now brought to bear upon it. To the reflecting, however, it must be evident that these bad effects are only what might beforehand have been expected, the imitative disposition of human beings, especially in their earlier years, rendering it absolutely unavoidable that characters and actions of whatever kind, presented under exciting circumstances, should become examples of feeling and conduct. The great bulk of mankind are constituted with such an indifference towards good or evil, that it depends entirely on the moral influences exerted on them in youth, in which direction they are to turn. And of all moral influences, that of example is, with nine-tenths of mankind, the most powerful. Excepting, indeed, a few of strong native character, mankind may be said to be, morally, the creatures of the atmosphere in which they are reared. It might therefore, we conceive, have been predicated with perfect certainty, that novels and plays of the kind spoken of would, if only clever enough to fix attention, produce the fruits which we now see from prison reports to be arising from them.

The only proper remedy for such evils is to be found in an exercise of public opinion. While disposed to believe that such consequences were not anticipated by the authors of the works which have already become so painfully conspicuous, we would, nevertheless, demand the condemnation of the books themselves, and a sentence of unmitigated reprobation against all who shall for the future misuse their talents in the same way. The right-thinking part of the public are also bound to discountenance by all legitimate means the representation of felon plays. Men able and willing to become the authors of such fictions, are more dangerous public enemies than it is possible for any other class of private citizens to be. If they would themselves but reflect for a moment, they must be horror-struck at the condition into which their writings tend to bring multitudes of their fellow-creatures, as but too clearly depicted in the report of the Inspector of Prisons. We would be understood to make a distinction between works in which criminal actions of an unusual kind are incidentally introduced, whether for the illustration of some principle in human nature, or to excite the pity and wonder of the reader, and works in which a notorious criminal of common offences, such as pocket-picking or burglary, is exalted into a hero of romance. For any one to read of a crime, the commission of which is at the time far beyond the range of his moral nature, is attended by no evil consequences. But when a set of poor boys, ill brought up and free from all moral restraint, are made to look pleasantly upon a class of offences which they may next day be tempted to perform, the case is very different. The spectacle of Desdemona's death upon the stage probably never incited a single husband to kill his wife; but there never perhaps was a single performance of Jack Sheppard which did not accomplish the perdition of a certain number of wretched boys.

If literary men were aware of the extreme falsity to nature of these heroic delineations of house-breakers and highwaymen, they would perhaps be less likely to give us any more of them. Jack Sheppard, instead of being the romantic person which he appears (as we understand—for we never read the book) in the novel, or being a person of original good moral nature, as we understand he is represented in the Edinburgh version of the play, was in fact one of the veriest caitiffs that ever breathed—a mere low scoundrel. His history shows this sufficiently, and our opinion is confirmed by a portrait of him taken by Sir James Thornhill when he was undergoing his trial. This portrait, of which we have seen a faithful copy in chalk, the size of life, presents a gross mean visage, surmounted by one of those foreheads which Shakspeare terms "villanous low," and which observation extended into science now pronounces to be the criminal type of head. Such a man, even supposing a legitimate direction to have been given to his faculties, was not probably qualified by these to be any thing better than a horse-butcher or a cleaner of common sewers. To represent such a man as a hero, is as false to true literary principle as it is pernicious to public morals. The same error has been committed in the case of Eugene Aram. The skull of this criminal having been found, indicates a character only superior in some points of intellect to that of Sheppard. It was shown at Newcastle, in 1838, without the name being mentioned or any other premonition given, to a gentleman of our acquaintance, who pronounced it without hesitation to be of what is called the criminal type. All the romance about Aram is therefore pure absurdity. He was merely a man of sufficient intellect to attain a superficial knowledge of a variety of languages, and to string a few facts together for a purpose, as he did upon his trial; but to speak of him as a learned en-

thusiasm and a man who joined the purest affections to the noblest aspirations, is just as stark folly as it would be to grow maudlin over a deceased wolf, upon a presumption of its having possessed all the amiable qualities of the shepherd's dog.

NARRATIVE OF MR G. FRACKER.

ON the eastern coast of South America, 34 degrees south of the equator, the grand and majestic La Plata flows into the Atlantic Ocean. On approaching the river from the sea, the low and level land appears wholly different in its outline from the wild and towering front along the coast of Brazil. This vast river is 150 miles wide at the mouth, and extends, with a gradual contraction, and in a winding direction, along the shores of Paraguay, in the heart of South America, a distance of 1200 miles. One of the most remarkable peculiarities of the river and the adjacent ocean, is their exposure to sudden hurricanes, termed *pamperos*, from their blowing from the *pampas* or plains, and which, by agitating the water in the most violent manner, frequently cause the shipwreck of vessels and great loss of life. The following disastrous narrative of a Mr George Fracker, of Boston, U.S., refers to one of the too common calamities arising from the unforeseen progress of a *pampero* :—

In the month of April 1816, while at Buenos Ayres, on board the ship *Ocean*, it was determined to alter the destination of the vessel, and return to New York; but, not choosing to return home, and being desirous of seeing more of the world, I obtained a release of my engagement, and entered as second officer on board the English ship *Jane*, Captain William Seaboth, bound on a voyage from Buenos Ayres to the Brazil. Our departure was some time retarded, owing to the carelessness of the pilot, by striking on the bar in going out, which materially damaged our rudder, and caused our detention nearly six weeks. Towards the middle of June, however, we again set sail, and after a moderate passage of twenty days, anchored in the harbour of Rio Janeiro. Waiting here two months for freight, we at last succeeded in getting it; and on the 3d of September, in company with a large fleet for different ports, sailed on our return, bound to the ports of Monte Video and Buenos Ayres, with a cargo consisting of rum, sugar, tobacco, flour, butter, rice, and dry goods; having on board five passengers, two of them Spaniards, inhabitants of Buenos Ayres, a German, an Englishman, and an American, the three last freights of the vessel, and owners of the principal part of the cargo; four blacks, their slaves; and fourteen of the ship's company—comprising in all twenty-three persons. Our passage was agreeable and very favourable; and in fifteen days we discovered Cape St Mary, the northern entrance of the river La Plata. Continuing our course along the banks of the river, with a fine wind, till towards sunset on that day, when the weather becoming foggy, the wind increasing, and the night approaching, it was deemed expedient to haul off shore, and gain an offing for anchorage. We accordingly came to anchor about fifteen miles from Monte Video, our first destined port, near the island of Flores, or Flowers, that being to windward, and the wind about south-east.

The gale increased to a *pampero*, or hurricane; still we had good hopes, and at eight o'clock more cable was paid out; at nine another anchor was let go. From this time the gale still continued to increase, the ship pitching very heavily, and wetting from fore to aft by the spray of the sea. At twelve, midnight, after passing an anxious watch below, owing to the strange rolling and pitching of the ship, caused by a strong weather current, I came upon deck to relieve the watch. I went forward to examine the state of the cables in the hawse-holes, and then returned to the quarterdeck, to the lead-line, which we had kept over the side; by its feeling I was fearful that the ship had been, and was still drifting. The motion of the ship and strong current prevented my knowing this to a certainty; both our anchors, which were of over-proportioned sizes, being down, and our cables, nearly new, out, with their whole scope of a hundred fathoms.

While at the lead, I observed something, at a distance to leeward, like a white foam, and remarked it to the boatswain, who was standing near. He replied, he thought it no more than the curl of the waves. Not satisfied with this, I went aft into the yawl astern, and was soon satisfied they were breakers, and not far off. I quickly went below to the cabin, awoke the captain, and aroused the passengers. He soon ran up on deck, and had just gained it, when, at fifteen minutes past twelve, the ship struck. Those below were directly alarmed by the shock—for the previous motion, with the noise of the wind, and the roar of the sea, must have prevented their sleeping—and hurried affrighted to the deck. The sea began instantly to break over every part of the ship, and all were struck with horror on looking round at the awful prospect, and the inevitable destruction that awaited them. The captain ordered the steward to go down and secure some articles in the cabin: he descended, but soon came up with the dismal tidings that the cabin was full of water. Many, from the violence of her striking, were obliged to hold on by the railing, and the captain, among them, gave orders to cut away the masts. The seas now made complete breaches over every part of the ship; and perceiving

I should have to commit myself to the waves, I threw off my pea-jacket and hat. Most of the crew and passengers were holding on to the different parts on the quarterdeck, as the highest part of the ship; many, however, were forced from their holds and drowned.

Finding it impossible to stand longer this cold and suffocating drenching, I watched my chance, sprang to the rigging, and gained the mizen-top, advising the rest to follow. The ship continued to beat hard upon a ledge of rocks, till she was in pieces. The long-boat, by repeated seas, was forced from her grips and fastenings, and the small boat, astern, instantly after struck, and was carried away upon the top of a sea, with all its appendage of sails, tackles, and lashings. I soon found myself going over with the mizen-mast, which fell, and carried me along with it. The foremast had now likewise fallen, and numerous pipes of wine, floating around, added to the general wreck. I had fallen in springing among this ruin, and had so far received but one or two serious bruises; but a tremendous wave now swept before it some large spars, and carrying me along with it, my right leg was struck by one of them just at the joint of the knee, which was instantly bruised in a serious manner.

After I had plunged into the sea, and rose, I held on for a moment to the upper works, which were all that was now left of the ship. I then quitted, and began to strip; no easy manœuvre for a person in my then situation, as I had on a thick jacket, waistcoat, two pair of trousers, and neckerchief. Although always an expert swimmer, I found I could barely keep myself above water. Fearless before of wind and water, I was now puzzled; for swimming, even with health and whole bones, was unavailing in a sea like this. Hitherto I had seen no land, but was swept and carried along by every sea which came over me, and I resolved to get hold of the first thing I fell in with, and gain breath, of which I was very short. I soon seized hold of a bale of goods, but it, being wet and heavy, was of no use, for every sea rolled over me, and I quitted it nearly exhausted.

I stood this hard buffeting for about a dozen seas, and nature was fast retreating from the conflict; being desperately pushed for breath, as I could draw but little in the short interval of the seas. I had now been nearly half an hour in the water, and abandoned every prospect of survival; yet, when hope was gone, on looking around, I distinctly discovered, a few fathoms from me, something large and light, for it kept constantly above the waves. I exerted my remaining power, and reached it. It was a large crate, containing nothing but straw; clinging to this, I soon recovered breath, as its buoyancy kept it high above the seas. After holding to this some length of time, and constantly turning it round, as my weight pulled it over towards me, I still kept courage, and dropped myself frequently down, without quitting my hold, with the earnest hope of touching the bottom, but without success. I was much fatigued, and could scarcely keep hold of the crate, for every sea would sweep us at least ten feet before it. I had almost despaired of the land being near, and was fearful that at last it might prove only a shoal. Still, however, holding on with hopeless indifference, I soon after observed a sudden lull, and that the waves were not a third so violent. I shook myself, and roused my drowsy spirits, looked round, and found myself inside the breakers! I quickly again dropped myself down, and with my foot touched the ground. I found it was of sand, and in a few moments I got up to about breast-high in the water, and then, by shoving myself forward by leg and arms, soon crawled out upon the beach. Thus, after being more than half an hour in the water, and making my way, for nearly three quarters of a mile, through a tremendous sea, at midnight, I at last found myself upon a desert beach, certain that no one could have reached ten fathoms from the ship, which, in an hour and a half after she first struck, was scattered in pieces on the strand. Some idea may be had of the violence of the elements, when not a single mast came on shore entire, and out of twenty-three persons, among whom were four stout African slaves, whose constant practice of swimming renders them almost amphibious, but one body came on shore that night. The remainder, buried by the first wave, came not on shore till several days afterwards.

I had a firm opinion that the shore was a barren and desolate country, without inhabitants for a great distance, with no chance of being discovered, impenetrable from swamps and shrubbery; and not being able to move without pain, I was certain I could not survive till the morning. Gropping my way at the edge of the water, I felt something large, and found, to my surprise, a staved pipe of wine, and into this empty cask I was thankful to creep for shelter. At daybreak I looked out of the cask, and beheld a large sandy beach, covered, to a great extent, on each side of me, with the wreck; but not a vestige of the ship as long as the pump, or any thing moving, except the gulls. In fact, I was assured on first reaching the shore, that no mortal alone could make his way through such seas, in such a night, to the land. My own preservation I considered as falling but little short of a miracle. A shipwreck so sudden, an escape so singular, the uproar I had witnessed, and the sight now before me, my scattered senses could scarcely conceive real: I for some time actually doubted myself awake, for it seemed like a horrible dream.

I then again composed myself in the cask, and,

owing to pain, and the great exertion I had used, I remained during this day nearly insensible, and in a trance-like stupor. Towards sunset, I was fearful of being carried away by the return of the water, during the approaching night, with the pipe. In this dangerous situation, I reluctantly crawled out of the cask, and gained in this manner the foot of a sand-hill, farther up the beach. I crawled up this as high as my strength would permit, to be free from the reach of the sea; and as night was now fast approaching, it was in vain to look farther for a shelter. Finding no refuge above the ground, I resolved to seek one below it, and dug a large hole in the sand on the top of the hill, got into it, and, with my disabled leg undermost, pulling and raking the sand over me, lay down. The sand and a shirt were my only covering. The weather was extremely cold, the sand wet, and during the night it rained and blew tremendously; the wet sand drifting around in smothering showers, covered every part of me, and repeatedly filling my hair, ears, nose, eyes, and mouth, kept me constantly spitting it out to prevent suffocation; while the weather compelled me to sit up and thrash myself every ten minutes, to prevent freezing. Once I resolved to shift my position, to get under the lee, or into some hollow upon the sheltering side, and I accordingly crawled to some distance, I knew not in what direction owing to extreme darkness, and made another hole, then thrashing my arms for some time, again lay down, covering myself as before with sand, to resist the cold. Such was my bed, and such the manner in which I passed this second night of misery.

Next day, I made an ineffectual search for provisions, but found a refreshing spring of water, which greatly relieved me. I had, however, to make the best of my way back at night to my miserable dwelling in the cask. The weather was still inauspicious and cloudy; and when darkness came on, thirst and pain alike kept me awake. My only sustenance consisted of sips of wine from a small keg which was near me. Daylight at last appeared, but my powers were too feeble to undertake a journey to the watering-place, though anxiously longing for a draught of the life-giving element. Another day and night were passed, I can scarcely tell how. I felt that my taper of life began to glimmer in the socket. My strength had utterly failed. I hailed the approaching night as the termination of my cares, considered the mean covering over me as my shroud, and the cask as my coffin, and waited with fortitude the hour of dissolution. But the next was the hour of deliverance!

About four o'clock, on the afternoon of Saturday, the auspicious 20th of September, I was aroused from my reveries by the sound of a horse's feet. Uncertain and careless who appeared, whether a friend or an enemy, I waited his approach with calmness, being absolutely indifferent in my choice, "to sleep or die." At the next moment, a horse with a rider stopped before the cask. I hailed in Spanish faintly, "*Amigo*" (Friend). He instantly alighted, and, struck at such a ghastly spectacle as I then exhibited, he recoiled a few paces backward. Recovering soon from his dismay, by seeing my helpless condition, he advanced, and stooped to learn by what strange means I had out-lived the general wreck. He was a young man, a Creole, or half-Indian, of benevolent features, and dressed partly in the Indian method. I told my tale in a few words, concluding by asking him the distance of a habitation, and the possibility of my reaching it; if he could bring assistance that day, and promising that he should be rewarded for his kindness. "In a few hours," said he, "I can return with assistance, as the next *ranchero*, or hut, is hardly a league distant." He then expressed his surprise at my providential escape, made the sign of the cross on his breast, praised St George as my special preserver, said I was fortunate in speaking the language so fluently, and that I was greatly so in being discovered by him, whose mother, he said, lived at the nearest cottage, whither I should be conveyed. He said if I had fallen into the hands of the savages, they would certainly have dispatched me, for they were merciless and ferocious. "But first," added he, "I'll bring you something to eat, for you look half-starved." In about an hour he reappeared, bringing a warm sausage and some mouldy bread, wrapped up in a towel. I greedily seized it, thinking I could devour it at once, but was disappointed to find I could not swallow a mouthful, my throat being contracted, close, and sore. As he was planning the means of my removal, I left it wholly to his care, and only requested to be conveyed to a place of shelter and safety. He then made his *lasso*, a line of green hide, with which they catch wild horses, fast to the handle of the largest trunk, and drove off. Shortly after he had gone, a savage, or *guacha*, of a fierce and murderous countenance, rode up, alighted from his horse, and roughly asked who I was. I replied, "A shipwrecked seaman." "Are you the captain?" "No," I answered, "I was the mate, and had previously been discovered by a person who had just left me to return with assistance." He asked me the road he took. I told him, when he sprang upon his horse and galloped off in the direction the other had taken.

He soon after reappeared at the cask, with some others, seemingly with a resolution of putting me to instant death: but, most happily, the reappearance of my deliverer, with his father and several slaves, compelled them to alter their design, and they went off to plunder, abandoning their horrid purpose. My

friend advised me to permit him to dress me in some clothes from a passenger's trunk, which they then broke open, alleging that, in my present appearance, I should be taken for a common sailor, and that, clothed in a decent manner, I should gain among them more advantage, respect, and comfort. I accordingly suffered the painful operation of dressing; but my leg, being so greatly swelled, prevented my getting over it any thing but a pair of loose drawers. I also got on a surtout and waistcoat. I was then with difficulty lifted upon the back of a horse, and my discoverer got up before me. Holding on to him, I had strength sufficient to keep myself in an upright position. I had just been seated on the back of the animal, when the general (Ortigue) who commanded the troops in that quarter, came up with a guard of soldiers, and several others.

We arrived, at last, near dusk, at a small cottage. A number of large dogs gave notice of our approach, but were soon silenced by my companions, who assisted me gently to dismount. I was welcomed, with many blessings, by the old woman, carried into the house, seated in a chair, then stripped of my wet clothes, and put into as good a bed as the hut afforded. This *ranchito* was a small place of only one apartment, built, like all others, of cane, fastened together with strips of green hide, plastered with mud, and a thatched roof. A fowl was killed by the old woman, and some good broth made and given me. After this, my leg was washed with hot vinegar, and my wounds dressed as well as circumstances would admit. I considered myself as peculiarly fortunate in falling into the hands and being under the care of one of those alleviators of calamity—those indispensable attendants of the bed of sickness, where is developed the most estimable and endearing traits of character, usefulness, patience, and compassion—a hospitable old woman. Under the care of this venerable person, I daily mended, and was enabled to write and send a letter to Monte Video, describing the circumstances of the wreck, and my present condition. Meanwhile, my discoverer, Pedro, was employed this day, with two slaves, in recovering some articles and provisions from the beach, which, he said, was now covered with natives, breaking open trunks, chests, and bales of goods; staving in casks of wine, when any wanted to drink, and exhibiting a confused scene of plunder, fighting, and wanton waste.

I had about this time a great many visitors, who all considered me highly favoured by my patron saint, to whom they attributed my "hair-breadth 'scapes." Among them were many old women, who came upon horseback from different parts to barter their commodities. A consultation was held among them respecting my fever, leg, and bruises; and they recommended a large leaf of an herb which grows in those countries, which, dipped in hot oil and vinegar, had a wonderful and salutary effect. Although the application was acutely painful during several nights, the swelling greatly subsided, excepting about the knee. During this time, I could not shift positions without the utmost pain.

On the eighth day, I was agreeably relieved by the arrival of two clerks, an Englishman and a Spaniard, from Monte Video, in consequence of receiving my letter, from the house of the consignees, in order to effect my removal to the city, and endeavour to secure some part of the property. The latter they found totally impossible, nothing of value being found on the strand, every thing having been carried off up country by the natives. I was extremely rejoiced at their appearance, and we concerted plans for my departure. They slept one night at the hut, and next day, Sunday, departed; having seen sufficient of the character of the natives, and glad that they had escaped the knives of the *guachos*, and vowing they would not venture their lives again, among such a murderous crew, for the value of a ship and cargo.

The tenth day came, and we were to depart. A great number of blankets and coverings were thrown over me after I was in the cart. I shook the hands of the kind old woman and my deliverer most heartily. A crowd of rising emotions almost stifled my expressions of gratitude, and started the tears of overpowered feelings. I left them with fervent benedictions, and we drove off slowly on our way, and arrived about two o'clock at the gates of Monte Video. The novelty of the sight drew many to the windows, as I lay upon my back in the cart, fairly exposed to their view and wonder. We stopped at the house of an English merchant, the consignee, who immediately came out, and, with many friendly congratulations, assisted his slaves in carrying me up stairs.

Here I was confined for nearly twenty days, and my leg was now shrunk and withered to as great an extreme as it was swelled before. By unexampled kindness I daily improved, and in three weeks was able to leave the room, and sit outside the chamber upon the walk. One of the owners of the ship happening, at this time, to be in Monte Video, speedily came to visit me and hear the account of the loss of his ship. When I had finished, and when he had heard of the hospitality of the old woman at the cottage, he immediately proposed a subscription among the merchants for her recompense and relief, regardless of his own loss, though he was half owner of the ship, and that uninsured.

I was now rapidly gaining strength; my leg I could bear my weight on, and after remaining here for two months, I was able to take passage for Buenos Ayres,

distant about a hundred and ten miles farther up, and upon the opposite side of the river. I arrived there next day, and found a great number of acquaintance, who were very kind and friendly. A subscription was directly handed round among the English merchants, by the goodness of the owners, and about four hundred dollars were subscribed and collected for my benefit. Two hundred dollars were likewise collected for the relief of the old woman at the cottage, and about two hundred more previously in Monte Video, and sent down to her. I remained some months in Buenos Ayres, on account of lameness, and sailed from thence, July 12, 1818, and arrived at Baltimore on the 12th of September.

On Sunday morning, October 4, I arrived at my native place, Boston, after an absence of above two years; when I fully experienced the truth of the observation, that the unavoidable evils and misfortunes of life afford, by their contrast, a tenfold relish to its comforts, which are many, but which before were unprized.

The meeting of relatives must be conceived. I will only add, that, safe in the embrace of parents and friends, forgotten, like a dream, were the perils of the ocean.

SPORTING STATISTICS OF THE HIGHLANDS.

[From the "Inverness Courier."]

In the Highlands, besides having the valleys and arms of the sea to reap, a new branch of economy has of late sprung up, and there is now also the reaping of the moors and mountains. It has long been our custom to send those who had nothing to do at home to the reaping in the south—wheat, barley, and oats being the staple they are generally engaged in securing, and from which they return with a few pounds, to keep the house comfortable during the winter. The English (no doubt taking example by us!) now also send those who have nothing to do at home to the reaping, and that to the most northerly and barren counties in the kingdom; but the staple of the southern reapers is the grouse, the roe, the red-deer, and the salmon. The labour in the one case is fully as severe as the other, but with this happy difference, that, instead of our paying the southerners for their labour, they pay us for leave to work! This is a most comfortable state of matters, and is certainly what commercial men would call having the exchange in our favour. Long, say we, may the landed interest of England continue to reap our mountains! This year the crop of red and white grouse, and red and roe deer, has not been above an average, though in the breeding season the hopes of the sportsmen were high on this score. The season, however, has been favourable in point of weather, and we hear of few complaints of lack of sport. It is difficult to come at a correct census of the quantity of game killed over an estate; but we hear that the Gairloch party had twelve or fifteen red-deer, from fifty to seventy salmon (taken with the rod), and a corresponding quantity of grouse. The Lochcarron party have had about 1000 brace of grouse, four red-deer, twelve roe, an immense number of salmon, hares, blackcock, and 345 ptarmigan—a bird that abounds on that mountainous property. So late as the 25th of October, we heard of one of the party killing twenty brace of ptarmigan in a forenoon. At Lochalsh the party killed nine or ten red-deer, twice that number of roe, and from 500 to 700 brace of red and white grouse, besides a fair number of salmon with the rod. At Invergarry, Lord Ward and party had excellent sport. They had 1500 brace of grouse, fifty brace of ptarmigan, three red-deer, and fifteen roe, besides about twenty salmon, angled in the river Garry. Such are a few of the results. This new branch of trade, or commerce, has added greatly to the rental of many Highland estates. Instances are not rare of the shooting letting as high as the grazing of a mountain district. Some years ago there was much difficulty in coming at, or determining upon, a fair rent in an affair so purely ideal as the value of the sport over a property, the sportsman generally calculating upon the amount he could spend on the pastime, and the landlord taking all he could get. Things are, however, verging towards a bearing on this head, and the yearly marketable value of the sport over a Highland property, may at present be reckoned at something like the following rate, grouse being the unit or standard of value:—One red-deer, equal to 100 brace of grouse; one roe, equal to 20 brace; one salmon, angled, equal to 20 brace; one mountain hare, equal to 1 brace; one brace of grouse being valued at 5s. Thus, a shooting supposed capable of producing, on an average of seasons, with fair sportsmen, 500 brace of grouse, would let for £125. If the house accommodation is good, or the moor of high reputation, a larger sum may be obtained, and we have known 10s. a-brace offered for a month's shooting. Local circumstances go far in determining the value: young men will bid high for a fine mountain range, while more veteran sportsmen prefer a low-lying and easily accessible walk. For shootings well situated, well kept, and clear of vermin, with house and all appliances to boot, there is usually much competition, and wealthy sportsmen will give prices that would startle prudent men on 'Change. The cost is also doubled, or more, by the long array of attendant expenses, to say nothing of the probable contingents of wet weather, the tape-worm, and unexpected disasters.

Many will, no doubt, think this paying "very dear

for the whistle;" but when we take into consideration the free robust enjoyment of the sport, and the stock of health laid in—enough to last for the next nine months—the luxury is, to the opulent man of business or the man of the world, positively cheap.

Fifteen years' purchase is considered the value of the game on an estate, which does not augur much for the stability of this species of property. But if we calculate on the increasing wealth and increasing luxury of the kingdom, the decreasing taste for war over Europe, which engrossed the restless and fiery spirits of the age, and partly gratified their propensity to kill; and, above all, when we consider that man is an omnivorous animal, and constitutionally and habitually fond of flesh, we certainly consider fifteen years' purchase as quite too little for improveable sporting lands. In some future era of the world, when even Manton's best percussion-guns will have been forgotten, and the present race of the *genus homo* supplanted by a more perfect and intellectual race, specimens of fossilised sportsmen, found in the cliffs of our Ross-shire mountains, or left sticking in the mud of another deluge, or frozen up in their shooting-jackets by an awkward turn of the world on its axis, will at once be recognised by some future Cuvier as flesh-eating, and consequently, destroying animals. All fears of the sport being only the fashion of the day, and all talk about the cruelty of killing the "poor harmless things," may at once be set aside, at least as long as the present set of teeth remains in the human head. But, certes, the red-deer on his native mountains is no mean antagonist to contend with. What with his local knowledge of the country, his exquisite sense of sight, smell, and hearing, his long stride, and his comprehension in judging from second causes (such as the scream of an eagle, the croaking of a raven, the uneasy aspect of a sheep, or even the disturbed flutter of a linnet), he is more than a match for ordinary men. Let any person, who has ever risen at day-break on a raw September morning to stalk deer, say in the evening whether there is much inequality in the match! The first thing in the morning he will require to do, is probably to wade a raging mountain-torrent, up to the arms in water as cold as ice, holding his rifle above his head; next, he may have to crawl a couple of Highland miles upon his belly, through the *debris* of a peat-bog, leaving the trail of his body behind in the mud, like the trail of a crocodile or boa-constrictor; then he will likely have to scramble on hands and knees up the shoulder of a steep and rugged mountain, some ten or fifteen hundred feet high, on the top of which, from the position of the deer, he finds he will have to air himself till the wind changes. Deer, however, have a propensity to change as well as the wind. The night sets in sharp and frosty; but time wears on, even in wet clothes, on the summit of a hill. The morning at last dawns; but where are the deer?—gone, gone; and another pursuit must begin. Let any person, we say, who has done this, say whether there would be any cruelty in whizzing a ball through an animal that has thus dragged you through dub and mire for half of the day, and left you on the top of a hill to dry for the other half!

PHILIP WOOD AND HANNAH HAYBITTLE.

In that very neat and useful little work, *Fulcher's Ladies' Memorandum-Book* for 1842, we find a copy of an exceedingly interesting letter, copied from some autograph manuscripts in the British Museum. It purports to be a letter written by an ingenious country lad, Philip Wood, from London, in 1669, to his "sweet mistress, Hannah Haybittle," only daughter of Ralph Haybittle, at Sudbury; and describing the means he adopted to procure employment as a carver at the works in St Paul's Cathedral, then erecting by Sir Christopher Wren.

"No. 9, Ivy Lane, London,
September 3d, 1669.

Dearest Hannah, my sweet Mistress.—Pray God that this may find my own sweet heart and life well. I hope that James Herbert put into your own hands one letter which I sent; I gave him the letter myself, and he promised most faithfully to find occasion to convey it to you. I know, my dear Hannah, you think it both hard and wrong to hide any thing from the knowledge of so kind a father as yours. The waggon returns into London on Tuesday, so I went to the yard in Bishop-Gate, and waited for it to arrive. At last I heard the bells, and Jim Herbert, as he turned under the gateway, smiled at me pleasantly, and he said, "Wait a bit, young chap, I have somewhat to say to thee." After a while, he came to me, and told me how he met you walking on the Croft, with your maids Susan, and how he contrived to give you my packet unseen of her. To think of such craft under a waggoner's frock! but no letter from you. He says that you looked well, and seemed happy to receive my letter, and I am contented. But had you no opportunity to write one line? I know how it is, dear Hannah, you dislike any artifice; indeed, it is hardly right for me, who owe so much to your good father, even the ability to write this—as he sent me, a poor orphan, to the free school—to tempt you in this matter.

I can no longer put off telling you the good news. God has indeed been good to us. Little did I expect such happiness when I left Sudbury last May; that morning, when I looked for the last time from the hill, I thought my heart would surely burst; and at one moment I was inclined to turn back, but then came to my mind what kind neighbour Smith should say she heard your father say about London; so I plucked up courage, and walked very fast over the Tye. Dear Hannah, it is a very sad life to be alone in a great city. At Sudbury, I did contrive to see you, though at a distance, every day; and I could

walk in the pleasant fields, and think about you, and read Master Shakspeare his plays which you gave me, and which trille have been latterly, with my Bible, my only comfort. In the evening, I could pass your house to catch a glimpse of your shadow on your casement, or to hear your spinnet sounding; and sometimes I found the neighbours showing the carvings to a farmer or two who had been at the market; and it was sweet to my poor vain heart to hear them tell how the rich merchant, Master Haybittle, retired from London to his native town, and bought a house, and employed a poor young man, who showed some taste for such matters, to carve upon the wood-work elephants and lions, and other wonderful beasts from the distant lands where he used to send merchandise. Then all said the carver must go up to London and become a great man.

Well, I got to London, but no one would employ me, and my little pittance of money got lower and lower; and I used, for want of employment, to go to the Churchyard of Saint Paul, and watch the building, which will certainly be one of the wonders of the world. Suddenly it struck me one day that they would surely put into such a grand building carvings, such as I have often seen at Melford and the other churches, and I spoke humbly to the foreman, but they repulsed me, saying, 'We want no hedge carpenters here.' Nevertheless, I went, day after day, to look on at a distance; and a week yesterday, as I stood as usual, in great admiration, a gentleman approached, with papers in his hand, and he talked with the work-people; and at last his eye fell on me, and he said to the foreman, 'What does that young man want? I will not have any person about here unless they have business.' And the foreman answered, 'Please you, Sir Christopher, he is a country fellow, who troubles us to give him some of the carving work to do.' On this, the gentleman, who I then knew to be the great architect, beckoned me towards him, and said, 'Friend, you want carving work; what have you been used to carve?' Hannah! indeed you will hardly credit it, but I was so confused, that, forgetting all but what I earned my bread by whilst I was in the country, I answered, stammering, 'Please your worship, Sir Christopher, I have been used to carve troughs.' 'Troughs,' said he; 'then carve me, as a specimen of your skill, a sow and pigs, it will be something in your line, and bring it to me this day week—I shall be here.' On which he went away smiling, and all the foremen and work-people burst into loud laughter.

I do not know how I reached my lodging, but when I did, I threw myself on the bed, and shed bitter tears, and reproached myself for losing such an opportunity of explaining what I had done on your father's house. In the evening, the good Quaker woman, whose back garret I rent, came up stairs, and, entering my room, said, 'Friend Philip, I have not seen thee since morning; I feared thou wert ill: see, I have brought thee some broth.' But I could not touch it; so she said, 'Tell, I pray thee, thy trouble; it may be I can help thee.' So I told her, and she said, 'Thou art wrong, for if the man who is building that great steeple house requires such and such a thing done, why, if thou really hast skill, it will be showed as well in that as in any other matter.' Her words were comforting to me, and I sat up on the bed and ate the broth; and then I took my last guinea, and I went out and bought a block of pear-tree wood, and worked at my task continually; and yesterday morning I dressed myself in my best, and wrapping it in an apron, borrowed from my kind landlady, I went to the building. The work-people jeered me, and pressed very much that I should show it to them, but on no account would I do so. I waited two or three hours, and then it was rumoured that Sir Christopher was arrived with a party of the quality, to whom he was showing the building. At last he and the rest passed where I stood, but when I would have gone forward to speak with him, the foreman and others would have hindered me, saying, 'This is not the proper time; you may see that Sir Christopher is otherwise engaged.' But necessity made me then bolder, and I said, 'He himself appointed me this morning, and I pressed through them. Directly his eye caught me, he beckoned, and I went towards him, and I bowed and undid the apron, and presented the carving to him. For a minute he held it in his hand—Oh! dearest Hannah! what an anxious minute—and then said, 'I engage you, young man; attend at my office to-morrow forenoon.' Then he walked on with the party, still holding the sow and pigs in his hand; but when he got a little distance, he turned round and said, 'Wait until we pass back.' So I waited; and when they returned, Sir Christopher came up to me and said, 'Mr Addison, I think he said, Addison, or Addington, wishes to keep your carving, and requests me to give you ten guineas for it.' I bowed; and then he said, 'I fear I did you some injustice, young man; but a great national work is intrusted to my care, and it is my solemn duty to mind that no part of the work falls into inefficient hands; mind and attend me to-morrow.' So I bowed, and ran home, and my kind landlady was also overjoyed. This morning I have been at the office, and I am indeed engaged to do carving in this most wonderful building.

I leave, at your discretion, to acquaint your father of this matter, and if you would write to me only one line, it would increase the happiness of—Dearest Hannah, your faithful servant until death, PHILIP WOOD.

The correspondent who communicates the foregoing epistle to the editor, proceeds to say, that he was also fortunate in discovering the following notice of Wood's further career, in the Report of the Commissioners of Public Works, respecting the building of St Paul's Cathedral:—

'Philip Haybittle subpoenaed from Sudbury, Suffolk, deposed that he received certain sums of large amount, as per receipts, given during the years 1701-2-3-4-5-6-7, for carved work in the Cathedral Church of Saint Paul. On inquiry from their honours, the commissioners, respecting the difference betwixt his name and the name on the various receipts, the said Philip Haybittle deposed, that he married Hannah, only daughter of Ralph

Haybittle, some time a merchant in Cheapside, and by the terms of the will of his said father-in-law, he was obliged to change his name.'

NEW VERSES ON AN OLD THEME.

OLD bards have sung of love, yet is the theme
Fresh as the song
Of a continually bursting stream,
Or as the long,
Long aged moon, whose beauteous crescent-beam
Proclaims her young!

The theme is old, even as the flowers are old
That sweetly show'd
Their silver bosoms and bright budding gold
Through Eden's sod,
And still peep forth through grass and garden-mould
As fresh from God!

Then may I all anew of love, old love,
Essay to sing:—
Meek is its flight, though oft it soars above
Imagining!
'Tis now the eagle, and anon the dove
Of lowly wing.

Sometimes 'twill gaze, aspiring to a throne,
As it might vow
To reach some star that on its path had shone;
Sometimes 'twill bow,
And place a radiant coronet upon
A rustic brow!

Sometimes 'twill choose for its blest altar-place
One changeless spot;
Anon, a pilgrim pathway will it trace—
A weary lot!

Following through waning years, o'er widening space,
The darling sought!
The sweet deliries of love are poured aloft
In prayerful looks;
The voice of love is musical and soft
As summer brooks—
In twilight paths 'tis heard, or faltering oft
In window-nooks!

Sometimes it blooms in its own calm retreats
Like the queen-rose,
That, when the sun the welcome summer greets,
Its beauty shows;
Sometimes it dies in bud, ere its pure sweets
It can unclothe.

Love, artist-like, will paint upon the heart
Its bright romance,
By slow degrees, with anxious, labour'd art;
Or at a glance,
As if sun-painted, will the image start
To life at once!

Its home is ever 'mong the beautiful;
The loveliest dyes
That summer painteth it delights to cull,
And in its eyes
The whole wide heaven, as in a garden-pool,
Reflected lies.

Its language is as garlands of fresh flowers
From Flora's lap,
Its breath their fragrance, and its sorrow-showers
The dew that drop
From heaven to cool them, when the balmy hours
Are flush'd with hope!

Love from the very clouds that gird it round
A palace rears—
The rudest soil it makes enchanted ground—
O'er future years
Throws sun-bright glances, or to one grave-mound
Gives heart-wrung tears!

Not all the armed winds that sweep the sea,
Not prison-gloom,
Not even the dark unfathom'd mystery
Of the dark tomb,
'Twixt love and its own cherish'd fantasy
May ever come!

For oft in some lone star will it behold,
At hush of even,
Some object, from the heart that ne'er was cold
Too quickly riven,
And deem it wood an angel in earth's mould
To wed in heaven!

Worldling! deride it not, for it is well
Even for thee,
That in this world some heavenly things do dwell—
All may not see
Day's regal beams, but even the blind can tell
How sweet they be!

—From the Scotsman.

J. H.

AMERICAN AGRICULTURISTS.

In England, no one, I presume, will deny the fact, of the farmers and farm-labourers being among the least intelligent and most uneducated portion of the population. Here, on the contrary, they are among the most intelligent and best informed. A great number of the occupiers of farms are persons who, having been successful in business in cities, have retired at an early period of life, bought an estate, take great delight in cultivating it on their own account for income; and, as from seven to ten per cent. is realised on farming capital, where carefully attended to, it is at once a safe and profitable investment.

These gentlemen having a good deal of leisure, little parish business to occupy them, and a taste for books and love of information, read a great deal more than the busy inhabitants of commercial cities, and have the power of exercising their judgment and reflection more free from the bias of party views and sectarian feelings, than those who live in large communities. Their previous education and ample means dispose others also to works of benevolence; and the consequence is, that while their conversation is more intelligent than that of English farmers generally, and their manners greatly superior, they devote a large portion of their time and means to the establishment and support of Sunday schools, district schools, societies for mutual improvement, country libraries, temperance societies, savings' banks, and, in short, every thing that can elevate those below them, and make them better and happier in their stations.

There are no taverns, as in the market-towns of England, to absorb half the profits made at market, by the drinking and carousing of the buyers and sellers, as is the case with English farmers; and as their mode of visiting and entertaining is social and economical, families are continually interchanging evening visits with each other, to take a cup of tea, fruit, ice-cream, and sweet-meats or other delicacies, but without spirits, wine, beer, or cider—retiring early, and all coming or going in vehicles adapted to their means, from gigs and phaetons to carriages and family waggons; for there is neither tax nor duty on carriages, horses, or servants, all being free to ride or walk, as suits their pleasure.

If the contrast is striking between the English and American farmer, it is still more so between the farm-labourers of the two countries. In England, it is well known what miserable wages agricultural labourers receive—10s. to 12s., perhaps, the average; what scanty fare they are obliged to subsist upon—flesh meat once or twice a-week, at the utmost; and how perpetually they stand in danger of the workhouse, with all their desire to avoid it; with no education themselves, and no desire to procure any for their children. Here, there is not a labourer on the farm who receives less than a dollar a-day, or 24s. per week, while many receive more; and those who are permanently attached to the farm have wages equal to that throughout the year. Besides this, they have as good living at the farm-house as prosperous tradesmen in the middle ranks of life enjoy in England—three substantial meals a-day, and in hay and harvest time four, with abundance and variety at each. At the same time, they enjoy the advantages of excellent schools for the almost gratuitous education of their children, neat little cottages for themselves and wives to live in, a little plot of ground for gardening, and privileges in great number.

The consequence is, that the farm-labourers and their families are all well-fed, well-dressed, well-educated in all the ordinary elements of knowledge, intelligent in conversation, agreeable in manners, and as superior to the corresponding class of farm-labourers in England as all these advantages can indicate. There are no beer-shops, at which they spend their substance; no haunts of vice and debauchery, at which they concoct the plans of the poacher, the smuggler, or the robber, to make up by illicit gains the deficiencies of honest industry; and, consequently, no need of prosecutions at the sessions, with all the array of constables, police, magistracy, and tread-mills, to punish them and keep them in order. Nobody talks, or even appears to think, of housebreakers; and dwellings, at distances of miles apart from neighbours, are often left without the doors being locked or bolted, in summer and in winter, all night long.—*Buckingham's Travels in America.*

[Mr Buckingham here only refers to the older settled parts of the Union, residents in the back country being in a much more rude condition.]

POETRY AND POETS OF THE DAY.

We are of opinion that the objections which are now raised by some against the utility of poetry, and the indifference manifested by some to its charms, have their origin neither in conviction nor insensibility. A much more obvious cause appears to exist in the prevailing character of our times. The truth is, we possess nothing, or almost nothing, of poetic genius among us at present. We have abundance of thrice-transmitted imitations—tiny streamlets of verse purling through newspapers, and magazines, and foolscap volumes; but we have not that which descends from the high fount of genius, impregnated with the golden ore that gives it value, and betokens the richness of the source whence it flows. Thomas Moore, whose least praise is that he is the first of living poets, has long since "hung his harp upon the willow," and strikes carelessly, and at distant intervals, its magic chord, as if only to tell his countrymen that the muse, which is their greatest glory, and whose strains are embalmed in their hearts, has not yet ceased to speak. Campbell—who we think has received his full measure of favour—and Rogers, and Southey, and Wordsworth, are as if already numbered with the past. We talk but little about the poets, because we have no poets to talk about; we have but little enthusiasm for poetry, because there is no poetry to call it forth. We do not walk out to contemplate the beauties of the starry sky, because the sky is clouded and starless.—*The Dublin Review.*

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